

MBA - HOME OF THE NATION'S #9 FOOTBALL TEAM

THE BELL RINGER

Montgomery Bell Academy

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BIG RED ROBBED IN CLOSING SECONDS; ILLEGAL FIELD GOAL PROPELS B.A. TO WIN

MBA HAS 3-POINT LEAD AT END OF REGULATION; REF RESURRECTS GAME

by Curtis Lane
Sports Editor

"This is completely ridiculous." These words were spoken by the normally reserved headmaster of our school, Mr. Bradford Gioia, just moments after last Friday's football game against Brentwood Academy.

With the clock running down and the score 24-21 in favor of MBA, the Brentwood Academy field goal unit rushed onto the field to attempt a game-tying field goal. From the stands it appeared obvious that the clock had run out before the ball was snapped. Students, coaches, players, and cheerleaders from both schools rushed the field. Seconds later, they turned round and stampeded back toward the sidelines. After the officials sorted things out, the field goal was declared good, tying the game 24-24 and sending it into overtime, where BA won on a field goal amid suspicious circumstances.

The field goal at the end of the fourth quarter, however, was clearly invalid. "I was sitting right under the horn," said parent and spectator Mr. Reno Benson, "and

it obviously went off at least a second before the ball was snapped. I was sitting with a bunch of other fathers, and we all agreed that the horn went off before the ball was snapped."

From the vantage point of the stands, there was no way the ball was snapped before time expired. As the clock showed 1.5 seconds remaining, the kicker had his back to the uprights and was just beginning to step off the kick. There is absolutely no way that he could have stepped it off, gotten set, and snapped the ball in only 1.5 seconds.

"They only had five men on the line, and they were all moving," said MBA football father Mr. Lee Noel. By rule, an offensive team must have seven men on the line of scrimmage, and they must all be set before the ball is snapped. Even if the ball was snapped before time expired, BA was in an illegal formation and false started, which are both penalties.

The game was televised on Comcast Sports Southeast, and even the

normally unbiased television announcers expressed their disappointment with the officials. On the TV replays, the clock obviously runs out before the ball is snapped. The announcers emphasized the grievances of the spectators: the clock ran out, there were only five men on the line of scrimmage, and those five

were not even set. Normally, announcers at least try to be somewhat diplomatic about questions of officiating; these announcers, however, showed absolutely no hesitation in proclaiming that the officials were blatantly wrong.

It is a complete injustice to this team and this season that the outcome of such an important game has been decided by poor officiating. The decision to accept the field goal after the end of the fourth quarter was indisputably incorrect. On top



Not even the efforts of Michael Koban (above) could save the Red, now 9-1 after a highly controversial defeat on Halloween Night.

of that mistake at the end of the game, the officials failed to make the correct call on a touchdown pass for BA during the third quarter. A pass into the end zone was obviously incomplete when the receiver dropped the ball after being hit by an MBA defender. One official signaled incomplete, and another signaled touchdown; the play was declared a touchdown without any conference between the conflicting referees.

Such mistakes are utterly inexcusable. Incompetent officiating has robbed MBA of the chance for an undefeated season as well as the chance to move higher than #9 in the national rankings. Division II devotees expect a bloodbath should these two teams face each other once again for the state championship.

B.R. Exclusive: Michael Crichton

by Kevin Seitz
Staff Writer

As part of a new Mother's Club lecture series, MBA was fortunate enough to host Michael Crichton, a world-renowned author and director. As the "father of the techno-thriller" he wrote *The Andromeda Strain*, *Congo*, *Jurassic Park*, *Rising Sun*, *The Lost World*, *Timeline*, and his latest book *Prey*, among others. In addition he has directed 6 movies, from *Westworld*, to *Coma* and *The Great Train Robbery*. He also wrote the pilot for *E.R.*, so at one point in time he held the number-one movie, book, and TV show all at the same time. One of his most remarkable accomplishments, in my opinion, was that a dinosaur was named in his honor, the *Bienosaurus crichtoni*, and although the dinosaur was unavailable for comment on Crichton's works, I did have a chance to have a brief interview with the man behind all the fame.

Michael Crichton is a very tall man, which is precisely the opposite of what I had convinced myself authors must look like. Surely they are short men with thick

glasses, always deep in their personal thoughts, who somehow feel superior to the world because they can get down on paper what mere mortals cannot even fathom creating. Even at 6'9", with his slight hunch and his massive hands which he waves about quite happily as he speaks, he is a very friendly and cheerful man. Nevertheless his cordial demeanor did not help tremendously to abate my overwhelming fear of finally being able to meet and speak with one of my greatest childhood heroes. After seeing him speak to the parents and alumni on Sunday night, it became obvious very early on that he knew a lot about absolutely everything. I had read about his background; I knew that he read a vast number of medical and scientific journals which inspired and gave his novels the scientific background, but I was nevertheless astounded by his depth of interests and knowledge. And thus, my fear of interviewing this enormous, omniscient hero of mine grew even greater.

I must say that the beginning of the interview went quite smoothly, as I fumbled with the tape recorder for several

minutes. Before he politely pointed out that the "pause" button was on, so from the beginning his extreme acuity had embarrassed my simple mind. So I began by asking about his high-school experience, possibly to find some common ground, and build an understanding of his roots perhaps. "I went to high school in the 1950's and um... I played basketball and was on the track team, high jump" he said, "I was a geek you know... We had a rocket club, we used to make rockets, but we mostly just blew things up, that was in pre-space program time." Which, I must say, sounds like the coolest extracurricular school activity I could think of. He then went on to explain that he was the editor for the town paper for high-school sports, and that this desire to be an author had been with him all his life. Then it came to me, what better way to change the status of MBA as an all-boys school than to use the influence of a celebrity! Unfortunately my scheme was completely demolished when he replied, "Well it wouldn't have made any difference for me, because no one would go out with

Continued on Page 3

2003 Playoff Schedule

7 Nov 2003: Bye

14 Nov 2003: vs. winner of
McCallie/MUS

22 Nov 2003: Clinic Bowl

INSIDE

Op-Ed	2
News	3
Features	5
Entertainment	9
Sports	10
Cartoons	12

Michael Crichton

Continued from First Page

me back then." And that was the end of that attempt. Still in search of the inner Crichton I asked him about his favorite music, to discover he too enjoys the likes of Jack Johnson and Coldplay, as well as the Beatles and Little Richard. Suddenly there was hope that possibly we two were not so unalike, so I asked the deepest question of all, what is his favorite appetizer? He answered a certain "carpaccio" the meaning of which I am not sure, so once again his superior intellect had humiliated me. My next



Crichton with Mr. Gioia just before assembly

question, "If you could be any cereal, what would it be and why?" had even less success, for he evaded the question entirely, stating, "Um.... I don't know.... I guess I don't really know the range of cereals." From then on, I decided that only serious questions would be appropriate.

Obviously Mr. Crichton was bright enough to get into Harvard, where he began as an English major, only to find the department to be too difficult, for it even gave a B- to a paper written by George Orwell which he submitted as his own. He then moved on to get a B.A. with a *summa cum laude* GPA of 3.84 in anthropology. "Well, I guess it's just technically the study of man; I studied physical anthropology which is as opposed to cultural anthropology, or archaeology. It's human development, genetics and human evolution. I studied it because I didn't like the English department, and I had taken an intro course to anthropology, and I liked that so I just went over and did that." It is this laid-back reasoning behind his decisions that I found to come up again and again and it absolutely fascinated me, for once again, my vision of an author as very strict and deliberate in his decisions was repeatedly contradicted. In order to get himself through the medical career path that anthropology led to, he wrote numerous works under pen names such as Michael Douglas, Jeffrey Hudson, and John Lagne, because, he said, "In medical school, a lot of your grade is personal assessment of your instructors, it's not an exam, they just decide what they think of you, and I knew if they knew that I was writing books, they'd mark me down, and I didn't want them to mark me down." Hm, no exams, interesting....

Anyone who has read any of Crichton's science fiction works immediately realizes that the ideas and possibilities

expressed within them are ahead of their time, so much so that some people have even called him a visionary, so how does he always stay one step ahead? "I don't know.... we were talking last night and somebody said something about one book where I had specified a motion control camera, and he said you know they're just developing that tech now and I was amazed, I thought it already existed. Sometimes I think I just live in the future, I just assume things have already happened, that haven't happened yet." He even had the vision to realize that directors needed computers, so he started his own software company, FilmTrack, to help directors with finances and was the first to use digitized images in a movie. In 1982 he made a computer game called Amazon, but he assured me that even eBay no longer sells it, much to my dismay.

Crichton is best known for these "techno-thrillers" as they are often called, but his other less-recognized works seem to have no unifying theme, and yet anyone who has read *The Great Train Robbery*, which is the story of the planning of a train robbery carried out with Ocean's-11-like precision, if you will, can vouch for its powerful writing style. So how does he come up with these other topics? "Somebody told me I should write a train movie, and this was back in the 70s, and I said I didn't want to write a train movie, nobody's interested in trains, and then I was reading and discovered that there was this actual robbery in the 1850's in England, and it just interested me, so.... I thought 'I'll write that. I don't have complicated ideas about why I do things, oh well, that's interesting! I'll do that!'"

It just does not seem fair at all that he can be so successful at being an author, a director, and a programmer, so I had to ask, which is his favorite? "I like them all, but I think.... um actually I think writing is the most difficult, and I think I like it the best.... it's the most satisfying. Working in collaborative situations is in certain ways not satisfying." So then, what is his secret? "I don't know if this is a secret or not, there are two things that I'm aware of, one is that I do what interests me, and I don't do what I think will sell. I always write about what am I interested in, and it seems that what I'm interested in, other people are interested in, and I also think that's because I'm interested in what I'm doing. It has a certain energy, and the other thing is that I plan far in advance. You know, I did the screenplay for *Twister*, and after the movie was shot, it was this big hit and Warner Brothers was very excited, it was their second biggest movie then. The head of Warner Brothers got everybody around this big table, and Spielberg and he said, okay we have to plan a sequel. And they all looked me and I thought, 'I can't do this in an hour!' It takes me weeks and months of thinking and getting little thing—this could go with that—and a long time of planning and that's definitely different." I guess we all have quite a bit to learn from these words of wisdom, since I'm currently writing this the day of its absolute latest deadline, but I don't think that any English teacher would take my lack of interest in American Romanticism as an excuse for not turning in my theme two days from now. He also mentioned that he was a morning person, during which he works in total seclusion, which must take an

enormous amount of willpower for a profession like writing. Yet again, my future as a best-selling science-fiction author may not be so bright now.

Hoping that he could sneak me into the movie *Timeline*'s preview, or something of the sort, I asked him how much involvement he had in *Timeline*, which evidently was none at all, for he had not even seen the trailer before he arrived at MBA. Then I wondered, how much involvement does he prefer to have in a movie? "The reality of movies is that it's a director's medium, as it's now defined, so unlike television, which is a writer's medium. You know when you say to the director 'shoot the scene in this way' that if he doesn't do it, you can look at the film the next day and say 'go back and re do it.' I mean that guy totally works for you, and in a movie it's the reverse; the director will say to the writer, 'I don't like this scene—do it again.'" And then about *E.R.*: "I was very involved in the beginning, I wrote the pilot and had a very clear vision of what was wrong with television at that time, and how this would really break those boundaries, and it was hard to get everybody to understand. One thing I remember saying was faster, faster, and they kept saying, we can't.... and the actors couldn't spit out the tech talk, and ok, you have to know it cold it has to come out like a machine gun,.... the funniest thing I remember, was they'd be rolling somebody in on a gurney, and they would talk to the patient, and I'd say you don't look to the patient, you look at the wound.... and they'd say 'What do you mean? I'm an actor—I need to make eye contact!' I said, 'Well, you don't make eye contact; you look at the injury,' and it was a struggle for everybody because television used to have these things called buttons, which is where you'd have the scene and the actor would look like this [pensive] at the end.... it was a way of stretching the time, and making the show cheaper, and I said we can't have those buttons, but everybody was thinking that way; it was quite a radical idea." So yet again Michael Crichton had the incredible ability to revolutionize every realm he touched.

Finally, since I had read some of his biographies online, I had to ask about his "many experiences in the 'psychic' and 'spiritual' realms, and.... such 'mystic' things as seeing auras, spoon bending and exorcism." It took him a few moments to gather his thoughts before he began, "Well, I got very interested in about '78. I was doing the train robbery movie in London, and I had basically a month off, and I was bored, and somebody said to me 'You know there's this place where they have all these psychics,' and I had nothing else to do so I'd go to see a psychic not every day, but frequently. I would go to see these psychics, and with my training I have these ideas about how to keep them doing what are called cold readings. The first person I saw was perfect for my uses because she was blind and almost deaf. She couldn't look at me and see I was American, and I had this plan and whatever I said I would only repeat that and if she asked a question I'd just say "mmm", and then all I'd ever say was "mmm." I had it all worked out. So she's talking along, a little old lady, she was one of those flaky little old British ladies with

powder on her face, and suddenly she says, 'what do you do for a living?' She said, 'don't tell me, because I see these top hats and things going back and forth and this sound, and this white basket with snakes in it....' and she was describing an editing room, in the 1970's.... from the movie where I was spending all my time, images run back and forth and that sound, and when it was actually filmed, they'd have these big white baskets like laundry baskets, and the film would go and coil in that, so that was the first time that I had any inkling that maybe there is something here we don't understand. I just thought, 'I'm interested in this.' So when somebody said let's go to a spoon-bending party, I went. It was this party, and he had a pool house, and it was pretty big, about 100 people were there, kids running around, and everybody was supposed to bring silverware, so there's this big heap of spoons, forks, and stuff, in the room, and you're supposed to bend yours, and you're supposed to pick a spoon and shake it and say "will you bend?" and if you thought it wouldn't bend you would put it back and take another one. So everyone was going 'Will you bend?' and feeling like an idiot, and then rubbing their spoons to see if they would bend, and all around me people were having their spoons bend, and my spoon was not bending. Finally I gave up, I thought, 'you know, I dunno how people are doing this, my wife is doing this, everybody's doing it, but I. it



Crichton signs autographs after assembly.

won't bend....' But somebody said, 'Look at your spoon!' and it started to bend, and the experience is.... it gets very soft.... sort of rubbery, and you can do anything with it.... you can bend the bowl like a piece of rubber! And then it gets hard again! I don't know what it is, but whatever it is, it's not a buga buga...." I would say, now kids, don't try this at home, but, I think we should definitely start the first MBA spoon-bending club as soon as possible.

Without a doubt, Michael Crichton was the most interesting speaker of all those who have come to speak to the assemblies, with his honest, and down-to-earth, yet extremely educated reasoning, which evidently was enough to silence even the most invincible debaters. As a true gentleman, scholar, athlete, and spoon-bender, we all have a great deal to learn from his example.



THE BELL RINGER

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FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

How Do Gentlemen Respond to a Sucker-Punch?

I was at the same football game that every pair of eyes gracing this page was witness to last Friday, and I can say with certainty that that night remains the most excited, angry, agitated, indignant, and incredulous I have ever been about an athletic event. If MBA had lost "fair and square" -- if we had been outmatched, outplayed, or out-strategized, I would be writing this editorial about how the Seniors really need to clean up after themselves in the Quad during lunch. But we were not; we were victims of our own good fortune, so here I rail against injustice and putrefactive jealousy, against malice afore-

It's time for a serious conversation about whether to remain in the TSSAA

thought, and against the small minds that are this great school's most formidable opponent.

In a place that rightly conditions its students to be gentlemen, we must urgently ask ourselves: How does a gentleman respond to such a sucker-punch as this? Not, I think, by playing into the hand of the feeble opposition and chanting profanity in the stands of a football game, satisfying though it

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TO THE EDITOR:

Starting with the "touchdown" call in the first half and ending with the "field goal", Friday's game was ruined by officiating. This was the most evenly-matched game all year, and our boys played their hearts out tonight.

This is how the end of the 4th quarter went for me: When there were seven seconds left on the clock, BA was getting up and trying to get to the line of scrimmage. I stared at the clock as it ticked down from three seconds. I was on the second row of the stands. As soon as it hit 0.0, I jumped over the railing, ran to the fence, jumped the fence, and ran on the field. As I was crossing the sideline I looked and saw the ball going through the uprights. As you all know, I am not a fast guy by any means, but there is no way the kick was on time.

I sent a post to Student Information on Wednesday pleading for the underclassmen to show up and participate, and I was blown away by the student section. I would like to thank everyone for being so loud and for being such a force tonight. Although we "lost", I definitely watched the greatest football game I've ever seen.

Not enough can be said about our players and our coaches tonight. They played as hard as the could, and definitely proved that MBA is the superior team. Coach Jeff Rutledge is in my mind the most classy and respectable man in football. I only wish Carlton Platt could learn something from him. It is an honour and a privilege to have a man like Coach Rutledge at our school.

In conclusion I want to congratulate the seniors and the rest of the team on their performance tonight. It took me about three hours to cool down, and I have never been as angry as I was when they called that field goal "good" -- but our boys tonight proved that they are the best team. We have to look to the playoffs and think about how sweet victory will be in the clinic bowl. Thanks guys for everything y'all did tonight.

John Fredericks ('04)
31 October 2003

MBA PRESENTS

ACHARNIANS

BY ARISTOPHANES

DEC. 4-7, 2003

OUTRAGEOUS 'DISCUSSION'

The Bell Ringer gives you the best of Student Information in all its unpunctuated glory.

Happy Theme Day

From: Charlie Pate
Subject: theme day
To: Discussion
Thursday, October 30, 2003 7:10:57 AM

Hey guys,

I would like to wish everybody a very happy Theme Day. I hope everyone's theme is good, I hope your quotes are all formatted right, I hope your printers are all working. If you need to vent a little Theme Day frustration, please don't hesitate to have a chat with me.

Happy Theme Day,
Charlie Pate

The First Of Many Delighted MBA Fans Speaks Out: Barnett To Blame For Failing Luck?

From: Karl Mecklenborg
Subject: The Reason MBA Lost
To: Discussion
Friday, October 31, 2003 11:53:08 PM

I would like to congratulate the varsity football team for playing so well tonight. I think a lot of people know that MBA is a better team than BA and that a few things messed us up (several obviously incorrect calls). I think I have found the reason why we lost. Three words: Taylor Leslie Barnett. If only he was there....

might be. Rather, I believe that the response from moral high ground should be first to work within whatever framework exists within the TSSAA for review of Friday's game. Write a calm, intelligent letter to the TSSAA at 3333 Lebanon Road, Hermitage, TN 37076, and ask them to look into the referees' call at the end of the fourth quarter. Call them at 615-889-6740. Use your writing and your diplomatic prowess that MBA has instilled in you, and ask for an objective and independent study.

Yet I believe a larger question is revealed by the suspicious outcome of our most recent football match: is this a fluke? Is this an accident? On both counts I suspect no. Equally important in a response to injustice is not only a measured, classy, intelligent reaction but also the taking of calculated steps to ensure that one is not subject to backstabbery again. If MBA is left to suffer such obvious inequality with no potential for redress of their grievances, need we continually subject ourselves to such upsetting robbery? It would be foolish to fail to acknowledge that if MBA found itself in the same position five years later -- in the national top ten facing a has-been of an opponent -- the same thing would happen again. "Fool me once, shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me," says our President (when he can manage to get it right). For the maintenance of our dignity I believe we must begin a serious dialogue about whether to remain in the TSSAA, an organization which has proven combustably controversial in venues ranging from the football field to the U.S. Supreme Court. While I can at this stage propose no alternative, who is to say that other schools would not follow us out of an organization which discriminates against private

schools, arbitrarily rearranges high school football, and disqualifies at its unpredictable pleasure athletes, coaches, and entire teams alike? We must measure our response, but we need not turn the other cheek.

We will gain nothing by anger or bitterness, nor will any of MBA's interests be served by our sinking to the level of the people who despise us. Our football team will begin this week preparing for our inevitable appearance in the State Championship, and we should prepare alongside them for the greatest display of school spirit in our 137-year history. No matter who nibbles at the heels of Montgomery Bell, I was in a moment of defeat and unfairness Friday night acutely proud of the ring on my finger and of the school that I love. Let that spirit rather than any notion of revenge or re-match or superiority carry us to victory this season, and let us show by nothing save incontrovertible evidence that we are the best football team in the nation and the greatest school in the world.

CHRISTOPHER P. SCHULLER

Report: Chicago Art & Theater Trip 2003

by Chase Altenbern
Staff Writer

On October 16, 2003 ten MBA students arrived at Nashville International Airport at 5:30...AM! The Chicago Theater and Art trip was a great experience for all of those who participated. The ten students were Jeff Ewers, Gregory McCord, Matthew Christie, Derek Pendergrass, Jackson Bull, Jeff Eberle, Nick Heyden, Jordan Jenkins, Scott Schwartz, and myself. We were able to get into Chicago on Thursday at an early



The Windy City prior to the Fine Arts onslaught.

time, so we still had plenty of activities planned for that day. We went to the Art Institute where we viewed many famous works of art by artists such as Van Gogh, Monet, and Degas. We also viewed many beautiful ladies, who I believe attracted more attention than those paintings on the walls. After several hallways and rooms and stairwells, we left the art institute to go to Steppenwolf Theater. At Steppenwolf we took a tour of the theaters inside and specifically the theater in which we would see a show later that night. We went into the bowels behind stage to see where all the actors changed and hung out during shows. As we viewed the technical aspects of this theater, Derek Pendergrass was literally drooling on himself and firing questions in some sort of technical gibberish. We ate dinner at the Red Lion, which is an English pub. Scott Schwartz had fun hitting on the waitress at the restaurant, and we had fun laughing at him as he was denied. We returned to Steppenwolf to see Topdog/Underdog, a show about two brothers struggling to make a living in the

big city. We met some girls from Minnesota after the show, but Matthew Christie scared them away with his "sweet southern accent." That night we returned to our hotel, the Congress Plaza, after an extremely long day and got a good night of rest. On Friday we went to the Corner Bakery, to eat a delicious breakfast. The Corner Bakery seemed almost too realistically inviting and pleasing, as the ethnicity of the staff seemed to change every day to give the feel of some kind of family-owned bakery. Nevertheless, we proceeded to Second City where we had a workshop with two of the Cast members, one of whom will soon be on MAD TV, and whom we would see in the show that night. This was definitely the most exciting point in the trip. Christopher Schuller, whose uncle Klaus is the Second City producer who arranges the workshop annually, was there also. The two actors were amazed at the quality of our improvisational skills and our knowledge of books. They gave us some contacts so that we could ask for their help in possibly starting an improv group at MBA. We left Second City in high spirits and for the rest of the day visited various sites around Chicago. For dinner that night we ate at a stir-fry restaurant named Flat Top Grill. The food here was excellent and you had the choice of what went into your meal by picking your own ingredients. We then returned to Second City to see the

production "Pants On Fire." This show was hilarious and all based on skits done in improv and then written into a script. After the show, we returned to the hotel with our stomachs sore from laughter and pants soaked with urine. Saturday morning we walked around Chicago for several hours on an architectural tour. We then proceeded to other attractions. Later that evening we returned to the main shopping area in downtown Chicago, where we got the chance to browse shops and especially the four-story Borders. We ate deep-dish pizza, which is the best pizza in the U.S., for dinner. That night we saw a show at the Looking-Glass Theatre called "The Secret in the Wings." This show was very different and abstract compared to the other shows we saw. It incorporated dance and music into a play to express emotion. Late that night, we returned to the hotel to retire for the evening. We came back to Nashville on Sunday morning after a long weekend filled with learning experiences and plenty of memories. This is an excellent trip for anyone involved in the theater or art programs at MBA.

Today the Hilton, Tomorrow the World: MBA Battles State, Planet at Model United Nations

by Brock Baker
Staff Writer

The weekend of November 14, a select group of MBA's best and brightest students will participate in the annual Model United Nations conference, in which hundreds of students from all across the state get together for a weekend and pretend that they are the UN. Students participate in mock UN bodies such as the Security Council, International Court of Justice, and General Assembly, or they can write for the press corps, which publishes several bulletins over the course of the conference. For the General Assembly, students in a team of three representing a certain country must research, write, and ultimately present their bill in front of the General Assembly, whereupon the assembly votes to pass or fail the bill. Bills range from the serious to the ridiculous, from the request for the creation of a Palestinian state last year by Oman to the request by Mongolia for technology with which to clone sheep. MBA's own Christopher Schuller will be presiding as Chief Justice over the International Court of Justice, which adjudicates cases in which countries prepare and argue their case against another nation with whom they have a dispute. The Security Council consists of one member from each of the delegations of countries currently sitting on the real UN Security Council, and is responsible for making important decisions about conflict resolution and prevention around the world.

Though faced with the obstacle of MUS' perennially powerful plurality at the conference, MBA's crack team of Model UN specialists expects to shock and awe the

competition with its stunningly eloquent prowess. Already MBA has won a significant off-season victory over its MUS foes; the team of Brock Baker, Jonathan Ray, and Pete Burgess successfully snatched the position of representing the United States, which traditionally has been a bastion of MUS power and influence. Arthur Kim and Co., representing St. Kitts and Nevis, plan to make a splash with their bill to legalize the international drug trade, and Shaun McFall and Andrew Eskind, representing Ghana, have devised an ingenious plan to aid the economy of their corrupt, poverty-racked nation: they wish to receive weapons of mass destruction from the UN, whereupon the United States invades, establishes a democratic government, and spends 87 billion dollars building the economy and infrastructure of their country. The several other-MBA delegations also plan to create as much havoc as possible in the General Assembly. Brock Baker will represent MBA on the Security Council, and as a representative of the United States, a country with a permanent Security Council seat, he plans to use his veto power as arrogantly and righteously as possible. This year MBA returns last year's recipient of the Outstanding Justice award, Christopher Schuller, Outstanding General Assembly Representative Jonathan Ray, and Outstanding Journalist James Schuller. This year MBA looks to continue its history of award winning and hopes to expand its influence next year through the candidacies of Brock Baker and Jonathan Ray to Security Council President and General Assembly Vice President, respectively.

Service Club Heats Up As Projects Progress

by Chris Gioia
Entertainment Editor

The MBA service club has been very busy this fall, often with multiple projects per week. It has allowed many of us as students to give back to the community in a variety of ways. For those of you who have not yet gotten involved in the service club, I highly recommend it, even to the seventh- and eighth-graders. Jonathan Gluck and Neal Ildnani, co-presidents, and all the other officers of the service club have done a great job this year by providing us with such a wide array of projects to partake in and explore. One of the old favorite projects is soup kitchen, in which one can do a variety of jobs from making the biscuits with Neal "Biscuitman" Ildnani, preparing various sauces, making cookies, or serving food to the people for whom the meals are being prepared. This project occurs the first Saturday of each month.

The service club also offers Titans Parking led by Dr. Marro and Chandler Tygard. This project meets at the Braid Electric parking lot on Sundays a few hours before the Titans game starts. Vanderbilt Parking occurs with Dr. Clark and David Eskind on Saturdays of Vanderbilt games, and to work at this show up three hours before the game starts. It's in the grass parking lot behind Rio Bravo, and this project is one of my personal favorites.

The Preston Taylor Homes project usually occurs on Tuesdays and Thursdays

after school; see David Eskind to get information about this. This is a very rewarding project, and our help is much appreciated, as demonstrated by the appearance of the representatives from Preston Taylor Homes at our assembly last week. Special Olympics is another rewarding Service Club project where you can have the opportunity to work with mentally challenged people and play sports with them. This occurs one Saturday morning per month from 9:00 AM to 12:00 PM. Ask Brewer Adams or Jay Pilkerton for information about this project. Taylor Barnett heads up Hispanic Achievers, a very rewarding project where you can teach English and English literature to Hispanics in the Nashville community. The Christmas Toy Drive, administered by Alex Vasilescu, will start up soon as we approach the holiday season, so be ready to bring in lots of toys! Also, Edmondson Park, led by Chris Gioia, will soon be underway and will be another great opportunity to get actively involved in service at MBA. This project will involve cleaning up a park on Charlotte Avenue named for the famous artist William Edmondson.

Look for more information on all of these projects in the announcements and in assemblies, and e-mail the project leaders or Service Club presidents Jonathan Gluck (gluckj@fc.montgomerybell.com) or Neal Ildnani (ildnani@fc.montgomerybell.com) for any information you would like to have.

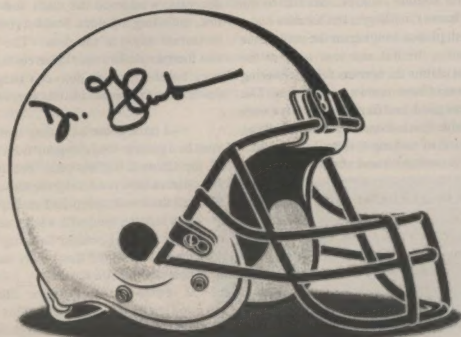
THE BELL RINGER

MBA'S STUDENT NEWSPAPER FOR 60 YEARS

will hold its next GENERAL-INTEREST MEETING during
ACTIVITY PERIOD on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

The Newspaper is seeking interested WRITERS and
PHOTOGRAPHERS for its December issue.

TAKE it STRAIGHT to THE END ZONE



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COGITO ERGO VROOM

THE BELL RINGER CAR OF THE MONTH

by Taylor Gould
Staff Writer

The image of this fine automobile barely scratches the surface of its 13 year history. My first encounter with the Bronco was in 7th grade, when my 12th grade buddy, Chip Howorth, showed me how the car could reach interstate speeds on Brighton and crush every squirrel in its path. I next saw the Bronco just 4 years later when the car was passed down from Will Howorth to the current owner Brents Herron. The car itself has been around the block nearly as many times as its owners combined and looks like it should be around for many wrecks to come. To feel the true soul of this American supercar one must drive the car, so maybe Brents will let you do that because he would not let me. Some stats of this month's Car of the Month which is the month of October.

Number of wrecks, or 'fender benders': Too many

Off-duty cops whose job is solely to watch this car: 7

Quality of cloth seating: immaculate (seriously, go look)

Driver's sideview mirror: negative, until 2 days ago

Power windows: check

Value: \$175 or 3 happy meals

Ability to turn car on, then take key out and poke passenger, and insert key again all while the car is running: priceless

Model year: 1990

Tire Tread: 19%

Brakes: true

Gas mileage: 4 mpg



The beast itself (above and left), featuring battle scars, bumper stickers, and a shock-and-awe dominance over its meager rivals in the Junior lot.

Mission Impossible? Nashville's Best Chinese

by Max Douglas
News Editor

A Quest was undertaken last week by two unlikely heroes attempting to solve one of our generation's greatest riddles. They failed. However, that same week two mere boys successfully catalogued a city's most valuable knowledge and information. For the purpose of documentation, I will attempt to retrace their path towards enlightenment. The proportions were all you can eat, the steak-sticks were high, and the destinations were Chinese buffets:

Ming's Chinese Buffet – The Fet (lights within the B, U, and F on the sign were out)
Attendees: Forest Rich, Bill Brown, Alex Juskiewicz, Max Douglas

"We are currently investigating the presence of Boba Fett and possible links to the Chinese Underworld."

A mockery of Golden Dragon, but nonetheless a good buffet, Ming's Fet was the most enjoyable evening of the three outings. The Buffet was nine dollars and twenty-five cents, a good price for about twenty-four items plus fruit and dessert, all being well labeled and presented. The west wall had a large fake-golden frieze of something oriental, which was nice, but next to that they had an autographed Titans banner that did a good job of ruining the Chinese atmosphere. The buffet line included crab legs, an item that can boost or reduce — depending on its presence or absence — the buffet price in any restaurant. The dessert was highlighted by the soft-serve ice cream machine with a mix

of chocolate and vanilla flavors. Forest expressed his views on the bowls containing the ice cream when he said, "Hot bowls melt the ice cream a lot faster than normal, but I guess that means they're clean, and that's a good thing... But also I'd rather eat from a cold dirty bowl than a warm clean one because the ice cream stays good for longer." Despite the bowl dilemma, the food and service was good. Alex finished five plates, and Max said, "I've discovered that if I don't lean forward, it doesn't hurt my stomach, and it makes me feel less full, so I can continue eating..." A few minutes later, the pain from my stomach had moved to my shoulder. All things aside, the star of this buffet was the donuts. The delicious morsels landed a lethal kung-fu chop on the competition.

Chinese Kitchen – Soup Kitchen (looks like a former homeless shelter)

Attendees: Alex Juskiewicz, Zach Juskiewicz, Patrick Moberg, Max Douglas

"Conveniently located next to a Fluffo mattress warehouse"

While Bill was watching a gory death on a movie screen and Forest was questing in the land of Memphis, the devoted continued at Chinese Kitchen. As we walked into the restaurant, there were stacked plates on one of the tables that were yet to be cleaned up and a waitress had her Chinese Newspaper lying out to read next to the cash register, sending us vibes intimating their professional and efficient service. The meal was six dollars and seventy-nine cents with around seventeen items with a variety of unlabeled food. What

is one eating? I'm not sure, but who cares? The restaurant seemed to be owned by a family because an eighth-grade maiden possessing Geisha-like beauty was cleaning the tables and serving drinks. How did I know she was in eighth grade? Zach's good with the ladies. Unlike the Dragon and the Fet, the Kitchen offered chop sticks along with silverware rolled up in paper napkins (a marvel of modern technology), but it did not offer fortune cookies. Similar to the Titans banner in Ming's, the Kitchen had a bass fish plaque hanging on the wall. On a good note, the hot and sour soup at the Kitchen claims the hotness title, delivering a Ninja acid burn over its competitors. The food was good, and its price makes it a very reasonable quick-stop, but if I were making some kind of ranking system, I would take off for presentation and atmosphere.

Golden Dragon Buffet – King's Banquet Buffet

Attendees: Alex Juskiewicz, Max Douglas

"This is far superior to anything we have seen"

"Words cannot describe the magic that is Golden Dragon... no sign but its own can represent its glory in lighted letters" — Chinese Proverbs 478 (not really). Comparable to the Great Wall of China, Golden Dragon has three long lines that contain over fifty items of unmatched variety. The main difference from Ming's, aside from the quantity, is the number of seafood selections. Sushi, shrimp, meaty crab legs, and mussels are all available. Alex said, referring to the crab claws, "They're good because they're meaty, and I like that." The food is well labeled, with labels even

going so far as to give directions for preparing one's wonton soup. The seating area is twice as large as Ming's with dividers for when the King returns to inspect his golden achievement. Soft-serve ice cream is also available, combining with Chinese background music to enhance the dining pleasures. The service was so good that Alex described our waitress as "a vulture watching its crippled prey." Strictly Chinese decorations adorned the walls and buffet line, including a golden Buddha (from the restaurant days) at the door. The buffet was fourteen dollars and fifteen cents, a stiff price but they sure do deliver a kung-pow death blow to Chinese buffets everywhere.

I have come to realize that there must be a generic food company from which all the Chinese Buffets order because all these places have practically the same food. Also, all three restaurants had an employee or two to mix the food with a large serving spoon to keep the food looking well presented. We called this highly sought-after position the Sifter.

Fortunes from Ming's: He who has good health is young (Bill). This is the month when ingenuity stands high on the list (Forest). You allow a few strong instincts and a few plain rules to guide your actions (Alex). A good neighbor is one who neither looks down on you nor keeps up with you (Max).

Fortunes from the Dragon: The time is right to make new friends (Max). Now is the time to try something new (Alex). *Staff Writer Alex Juskiewicz contributed to this report.*

THE BELL RINGER CONGRATULATES THE FALL 2003 TOTOMOI INDUCTEES



New and existing Totomoi members (L-R): Ben Pote, Taylor Tate, Charlie Morgan, James Dade, Mr. Ridley Wills II, Christopher Schuller, Matt Smith, Arthur Kim, Rob Zellem, and Phillip Braickowski. Pote, Smith, and Morgan were inducted last spring.

Shot of the Issue | Mr. Jamie Tillman



MBA student and classical musician Jason Wallace prepares for a halftime exhibition of his model airplane.

<http://www.montgomerybell.com/~tillmaj/albums>

All MBA photographs appear courtesy of Mr. Tillman unless otherwise noted.

Fiction: Messengers of Beckoning

Each issue, the *Bell Ringer* will publish a further installment in this fiction serial by staff writer Christopher Pickens. Part One appears this month.

It was not that the rain was especially intrusive. Rather, it lent a cooling feeling as it ran over his nose, hair, and into the corners of his mouth. If it hadn't been night, he would have scrubbed his dark sunglasses clean by now, but he was looking straight into the city below. The towering skyscrapers crowded together moodily in the darkness, shapes and nothing more. Most of the city looked like some sad excuse for a design, as if a giant child had thrown his blocks to the floor, resigning himself to playing with them later.

Not to say that there was no light at all. Orange orbs of the street sentinels glowed mournfully, reaching just as far as the edge of the sidewalks, then failing, as if frail. Often matchstick figures of people could be seen as they hopped from streetlamp to streetlamp like frogs. The frogs hurried about, clutching their bags to their sides, looking out for other, less friendly-looking frogs — they tended to be out at this hour.

Then, the man blinked. He seemed to shift about in his all-encompassing leather coat, ruffling his consciousness. He'd best be down the hill. After all, he had much work to do. And he doubted he would have much time to himself: his pursuers would be targeting his position in about 24 hours. He doubted he could last that long. But pessimism was the best source of resolve; he knew that all too well.

Grasping his staff tighter, willing away the cold, he started his descent into the city. The hill was more of an overlook, so the scenic path was a direct chute into that valley of crime and hatred. His boots squished in the mud, but held him upright. Down it went, flanked by artificial trees, until it hit a deserted, broken-up parking lot. The drains were clogged with Wendy's wrappers and beer cans. Not that it mattered, but his eyes registered it, even though they remained straight ahead. Across the lot he went, until he sloshed onto a main road in the grid of downtown.

He knew the city had a name, but it did not matter to him. He had heard so many, but remembered so few. Last time, he had even remembered some of the streets of the city, but he had forgotten by now. Those things left his mind quickly, and were replaced even faster.

A coffee shop sign, boasting 24-hour service, flickered erratically. A newspaper stand's tin roof rattled and spat at the man as he passed. A homeless man flipped in his sleep on a narrow doorstep, clutching his newspaper close about his chin. The stoplights, the titans of daytime, changed colors, but no one was around to obey their calls. All the sights and sounds of the quiet streets slipped off the man like the water on his face. The constants were not important to him. What was important, he knew only vaguely. It would have to wait for morning, he decided. The rain was too cumbersome, and he needed rest for the search.

For close to an hour, he marched the streets, a presence in black; he neither commented nor acted on anything he saw.

A crooked old man, a group of teenagers in their alley territory, an overly sultry female, all saw the man. Every one of them did not glance again, so great was his bearing. They turned away, to scrutinize, challenge, or seduce the next unwary soul that dared to venture into the malicious pit of night.

As the hour came to a close only to reveal a similar one behind it, the man found a bridge over a river. The river was wide and deep, and split the city into two parts, but the man did not know this. Instead, he pulled from his coat a pad and a blanket. Laying them on the ground, he pulled his staff closer to his body, leaned his back up against the wall, and closed his eyes. In



three heartbeats, he was asleep. The city around him whispered with the rain that slapped the river, but he did not hear.

"Mr. Darian, if I hear one more word of that kind of attitude pass your lips, you'll be in detention until you graduate."

Milo shrugged. "No problem. I tend to get more work done there anyway." He leaned in with a falsely excited face. "And there's this new girl who sits in the back — she got in 'cause she was smoking in the bathroom — and I totally think she wants to..."

Mrs. Stephilano had had enough. The severe old woman shouted, "That's enough for two weeks!"

The class giggled politely, for the teacher's sake. If she thought the giggling meant something, then they still had the upper hand.

"Yeah, yeah, anyway, like I was sayin' —" Milo continued. He did not know why, but he enjoyed egging the teachers into a frenzied rage. It made him feel equal, more on their level. If they could handle this, he reasoned, then they deserved to teach the class. Otherwise, why not make it entertaining for his peers?

As the teacher was about to retort, the bell over the dilapidated map of the world buzzed its angry call. The scraping of chairs drowned out any chance of retaliation against his onslaught. All around him, the other seniors were patting him on the back and saying things like, "Great show today, I bet you could start chargin' a dollar per class for that kinda performance." He could only

smile confidently and rise from his desk with a grand bow.

"At least I can't have detention on Friday," he called over the crowd of heads. Most of the boys laughed, and a few girls glanced back with enduring smiles.

Out in the crowded, dark halls, Milo made his way to his locker in a good mood. As far as he could see, his weekend was going exactly as planned. He was going to have a great time in detention, go to Harrison's party, then some after-hours action, if it struck him. Yes, he thought, things are on the ball for me today.

He knew he should probably be home tonight, what with his father's parole and everything. But he did not want to be around his dad just now. They had a rocky relationship at best, and Milo was not in the mood to do any major fence-mending. He supposed he would just show up too late to talk to him, then slip out early on Saturday morning.

He squeezed through the crowded hall to the doors and emerged into the sunlight. The rain from last night was just about dried up, but the air was still heavy. The mid-afternoon haze that hovered above the asphalt gave off a burnt-oil kind of smell, but he was used to it by now. At the steps, a low, green truck screeched around the circle to come to a halt in front of him. With a smile, he leaned over to peer inside.

"Hey, TJ, man, what's goin' on?"

The dark face of his best friend smiled a huge smile. "Nothin', just me and Van and Squeak is gonna go down to Mike's, then go to the party later. You wanna come?"

Milo ran his hand over the car door absently. "No. I...uh...got some other stuff to do first. I'll see you at Harrison's."

"A'ight," Milo stepped back as TJ gunned the engine and took off, the thump of his bass pounding Milo's chest.

As he started off past the basketball courts, he realized he didn't really know where he was going. He was planning on finding that girl from detention, but he didn't know what apartment building she lived in. He guessed he'd just go to the park near the river.

The sun set on him as he walked through the alleys. The steam rising from the manhole covers billowed around him as he strolled forward. The afternoon shadows made the graffiti look ancient and mysterious. He passed Mike's Pizza, but did not feel like going inside. He waved at a few people as they went inside and then returned to his moody walk. His old shoes scuffed the concrete. The gangs were not around right now, he knew; all of them were waiting till tonight, since there was a football game. Although as a youngster he had darted to school on this very route, he felt no fear in it now.

The park boundaries were dark shadows as he reached them, the orange sun setting just over the trees, highlighting the skyscrapers in the distance like glimmering swords. The trees were cloaked in their own brooding gloom around his favorite park bench next to the hill.

Many an hour he had sat on that bench, just thinking, sometimes with a girl, sometimes alone. It was his personal space, his outlet for thought. He could use it right now. Milo was not sure what to say to his dad, and he thought he could figure something out.

As he looked up to see his bench, he stopped, his heart inexplicably in his chest. There was someone else sitting in that bench: a man in a billowing coat, holding a long walking stick, looking right at him from behind odd sunglasses.

The Calendar

November 2003

Nov. 3 Assembly:
Mr. Jeremy Kane

Nov. 10 Assembly:
Joe Wood (MBA '77)

Nov. 19 Assembly:
Katie Koestner

Nov. 24 Assembly:
Larry Gates (MBA '48)

Also:

JAZZ BAND CONCERT
Sunday, November 16 @ 5:30

HVAC SOCCER
TOURNAMENT
November 17-19

THE CLINIC BOWL
November 22

MBA BOOK FAIR AT
BORDERS WEST END
Sunday, November 23

BOWLING vs. B.A.
November 24 @ 3:45

MBA VARSITY BASKETBALL
TRAVELS TO SYCAMORE
CLASSIC
November 24 & 25

ALUMNI BASKETBALL
GAME
November 26

SCHOOL CLOSED
November 26, 27, & 28

MBA PLAY: ACHARNIANS
by Aristophanes
Opens December 4, 2003

Survey Says: Parent At School No Cause For Family Feud

by Mrs. Anne Christeson
Faculty Advisor

Just as the media had "embedded" reporters with the troops on the front lines of the Gulf War, you could regard seventeen of the students currently enrolled at MBA as "embedded agents" of their faculty/staff parents, participating in classes and student activities but always reporting back to the "authorities" and enjoying special status and "perks." Nothing could be further from the truth, however, when you get to know these young men and see how they have learned to handle the added stress of having Mom or Dad around twenty-four hours a day.

The eighth and twelfth grades boast the largest number of faculty/staff kids, with each class claiming four sons: seniors Cole Bourland, Chris Chenery, Scott Pettus, and William Simpson and eighth graders Matt Ferrell, Brendan Mayhew, Daniel Van Jelgerhuis, and Jimmy Okot. The eleventh grade has three faculty/staff boys: Chris Gioia, Ben Norton, and Chris Woolsey, while the tenth grade has two: Luke Brown and Nick Power. Both the seventh and ninth grades include one each, seventh grader Brad Norton and ninth grader John Michael Simpson. (Even one of our English teachers, Steven Sowell, has his mother working with him at Montgomery Bell Academy, Mrs. Janice Sowell in the finance office.) A glance at these names reveals the children of parents in every position in the school, from

headmaster Brad Gioia to Coaches Simpson and Brown, from 7th grade English teacher Libby Bourland to maintenance staff person George Mario (Jimmy Okot's father). Yet despite the different jobs held by their moms and dads, and despite the age and grade differences of these students, most found their experiences in dealing with the issues of having a parent on campus surprisingly similar.

None of these students has ever had to deal with his parent in an official disciplinary role, a plus in all their eyes, though one did say it would be extremely hard to deal with if it ever did happen. Nor have any of them except John Michael Simpson and Luke Brown ever been coached by a parent at MBA, despite the fact that five of these parents are coaches. All the kids found some very positive aspects in having a parent handy. Probably the number one benefit was having mom or dad available for last minute signatures on themes, test papers, etc., as well as having convenient access to storage on campus, either in the car or in the parent's classroom. One even mentioned that his father had literally "given him the shirt off his back" on a required-coat-and-tie assembly day, remaining in his undershirt in his own classroom while his son went merit-free to assembly! Another very positive aspect of this unique position seemed to be the chance to know other teachers better, and even the opportunity to see the parent more

regularly during the day than most children do. And of course, having a source of cash on campus is never a bad thing!

There are, as you can imagine, some negatives about being one of this select group. Almost every student mentioned the fact that other teachers talk more regularly with their parents than with the parents of other students, and some said that they felt the pressure of higher expectations on them, not so much from their own parents as from other teachers. Parents on campus also seem more tuned in to the discipline problems of students, they said, and even if the faculty/staff child is not in trouble, sometimes having a friend who's in trouble puts the student in an awkward position. Other awkward situations mentioned include having other students claim that you get special treatment, while just having a mom or dad come up to your table at lunch or even wave at you across campus can be an embarrassment. The students whose parents have high visibility, like Chris Gioia and Daniel Van Jelgerhuis, sometimes feel they are expected to know more than ordinary students, such as what's the assembly about or what's for lunch, and more than once have found themselves being blamed for everything from cafeteria food to school policy.

Despite the downside of parents of campus, however, almost every one of these students found that the positives outweighed the negatives. They did,

however, have some pointers they'd pass on to students who might find themselves in this position. Keeping up with your work and getting good grades seemed to be high on the list of do's; as one boy put it, "Do well on tests because there's no way of getting out of it if you don't. She'll find out somehow!" The other most common bit of advice for incoming students whose parents are on the staff is to ignore the teasing you get from other students. "Laugh it off" stated one and "Just be yourself and let people see that it in no way affects who you are" said another.

As far as advice for their parents, or parents who might have children here in the future, most students agreed that it's important to keep school life and home life separate. "Treat him like any other student" seemed to be the common theme, and one eighth grader wisely stated, "Don't go to the child when he has trouble, let him come to you."

Underlying the remarks made by all the students who helped with this article is the strong feeling that both the students and the parents who have these special ties with one another on our campus are also weaving a fabric of loyalty and love for this school that will bind their generations together for years to come.

**HARPETH HALL PRESENTS
THE TEMPEST by Shakespeare
THIS WEEKEND**

Coaches Swear By Atkins Diet, Self-Discipline

Elliot, Caudill, Hiett Take the Plunge and Cut the Carbs

by Davey Douglas
Staff Writer

Maybe this year you all have noticed Coaches Caudill, Elliot, and Hiett running around with a spring in their step and a healthy snack in hand. That's because the three coaches decided to go on a diet with the charge toward weight loss being led by Coach Caudill. I decided to ask them a few questions about the diet and to find out just how much this radical food change has changed the three teachers.

Who was the first of you to begin this diet?

JH : Coach Caudill
FE : Coach Caudill
EC : I did. I got the other two coaches to join it with me, too.

When did each begin this diet?

JH : About 4 months ago, around July 21.
FE : On August 1st
EC : 6 months ago

How much did you weigh at the start?

JH : 264 pounds
FE : 285
EC : 250

How much weight have you lost?

JH : As of this morning, 38 pounds
FE : 30 pounds, as of August 1st
EC : 40 pounds

What are your meals of a typical day?

JH : I typically skip breakfast which is not recommended but have done so regardless of diet since college.

Lunch is usually the meat of the day in the cafeteria, maybe a vegetable, cheese slices or a small salad.

Dinner is usually grilled beef or chicken. Drinks will include water, coffee, unsweetened tea, and diet sodas.

FE : I eat a lot of meats, cheese, diet drinks, jell-o with whipped cream for dessert, and some green vegetables. And all the stuff that is ok by the Atkins diet.

EC : Two ...lots of meat...low carbs.

Are you ever weak?

JH : Actually, no. I did feel weak during the first two weeks of the diet. However, that also coincided with the start of fall football practice. It is hard to tell which caused the fatigue, though I am sure it was a combination of the two.

FE : I do not feel weak. I actually feel better carrying around less weight now.

EC : No!

How long will you be on the diet?

JH : Great question. I have never been on a diet before this one and don't know what a good target weight is for me. I told people at the beginning that I would be extremely happy if I could lose 40lbs. Getting under 225 would put me at the same weight that I was during high school.

FE : I plan to stay on the diet until I lose 50 pounds (or as close to that amount as possible/feasible).

EC : My goal is to be able to fit comfortably into a size 36 pant, I can do a 38 now. I will not stop until I have reached my goal

Have you had to buy new pants?

JH : Yes. Three pair and two new belts.
FE : I haven't bought any new pants yet, but that day may come. I hope so.

EC : Not yet, I have done many different diets over the past few years, so I have had to buy new pants in the past. Those are my less fat pants, and so I would just go back to my fat pants when I gained the weight back.

Do the three of you ever moan and groan to each other about the pains of dieting?

JH : Not really. The diet hasn't been that tough. It does help having others in the same boat though.

FE : We don't moan or groan, but we sure do talk about the steaks or burgers that we look forward to eating!!!

EC : I know I moan and groan, it's really hard to stay on this diet. There is so much you cannot eat!

After talking and seeing these coaches, I was blown away by their persistence and dedication to this diet. It is quite hard to stay on the rigorous Atkins diet, and these coaches have done a great job. If you see them around campus, give them a pat on the back, or maybe a burger without bread, as bread is banned from the diet. Again, congrats to those coaches, good luck and keep it up. Maybe some of you students should go on the diet, FATTIES!

BANNED:

Followers of the Atkins diet will find themselves forever apart from the following foods:

**Bread
Pasta
Cereal
Candy
Coke
Fruit
Cookies**

The basic principle is that your body needs carbohydrates to store fat, so without carbs you don't have to worry about fat grams—there's no way to store them. For more information visit <http://atkins.com>.

CAMPUS PERSONALITIES

Meet Mrs. Bakken;
Double-O-Bell Ringerby Pete Burgess (Shh!)
Clandestine Correspondent

At the premiere showing of *School of Rock*, the night's most heralded event was not the movie itself but the arrival of the lovely Virginia Bakken. After she stepped out of the limo and made her entrance, I, the deepest cover agent in the world was able to have an exclusive one-on-one interview with her. I posed as Barbara Walters. Just remember you read this in the *Bell Ringer*...

Barbara: So how are you liking MBA?
Ginny (as we became close friends I took the liberty of using "Ginny"): So far I really like it. Everyone has been very helpful and the Junior School is great. It's a lot of fun.

BW: Which courses do you teach?
VB: I teach 7th grade U.S. History.

Barbara: What was your High School experience like?
Ginny: It was wonderful. Half the people I graduated with I had gone to kindergarten with. It was a small school so you could do tons. I played four sports and cheered.

Baba Wawa: Where are you from?
Mrs. Bakken: Southeastern Alabama in Dothan. About 5 minutes from Georgia and about 5 minutes from Florida.

Barb: What did you do before you came to MBA?
Virginia: I was in graduate school getting my masters.

Barbara Walters (as the world held its breath this woman or man or whatever asked the question we all were asking): What brand of toothpaste do you use?
Ginny: I don't know. Whatever I have a coupon for. (The use of oral care coupons rose fifty percent nationwide within the next half hour....fascinating)

Barbara: What did you major in?
Mrs. Bakken: I double majored in history and psychology.

Barbara: Did you know Mr. Moran majored in psychology?
Ginny: No, I didn't. (The number of psychology majors nationwide rose fifty percent within the next half hour)

Barbara Walters: Is there anything you would like to say to the MBA community (or the world)?
Virginia: I look forward to having a good year, and I am excited to be here.

I hope you have enjoyed this inside look at the fabulous life of Virginia Bakken. If you want to congratulate me on my fine work, you will have to do it when I get back. I'm taking out a Colombian drug-lord.

Questions? Comments?
Submissions? Complaints?
E-MAIL US

bellringer@montgomerybell.com

MUSIC

Radiohead Returns With 'Thief'

by Matthew Christie
Staff Writer

After the release of Radiohead's fifth full album, *Amnesiac*, in 2001, one was unsure of the band's direction because of the polarization of their listeners into two groups: the fans of their more rock-oriented albums like *The Bends* and *Pablo Honey*, and the fans of their more techno-oriented and experimental albums like *Kid A* and *Amnesiac*. The result was 2003's *Hail to the Thief*. When one first listens to the album, these two styles seem to clash—thick guitar trading off with piercing synthesizer as the high-pitched melodies of Thom Yorke float above the battlefield. Several hearings, however, reveal that in fact the elements of both styles are allies that create a seemingly chaotic canvas which the vocals of Thom Yorke turn into a masterpiece. Punctuated with melancholy ballads like "Sail to the Moon" and "I Will," *Hail to the Thief*'s more schizophrenic electronic tracks such as "Myxomatosis" and "The Gloaming" hold little appeal for Radiohead fans just looking for another *The Bends*. In other songs like "There, There" and "A Punch-Up at a

Wedding," Radiohead leans for the first time since *OK Computer* toward the cookie-cutter rock sound heard on a local radio station. At the last moment, Thom Yorke's cryptic lyrics and unique voice pull the listener back from attempting to dump *Hail* into a labeled bin. Notorious for the political messages carried in their music, Radiohead did not expunge their newest work of influences from present-day politics. In "2+2=5," a title taken from Orwell's novel *1984*, Yorke oscillates between bitter accusations and pleas for reason: "It's the devil's way now/ There is no way out." However, to quickly pass off *Hail to the Thief* as a politically-aimed work of a left-wing fanatic is to pass up emotions that only Radiohead can convey through music: fear, confusion, and haunting paranoia. The genius of Radiohead has never been so accessible to casual music listeners outside of their cult-like following. Unless you're extremely bothered by the politics in several of the tracks or you have a great distaste for electronic music, I strongly urge you to pick up a copy of Radiohead's *Hail to the Thief* at your favorite record store.

BOOKS

A 'Strain' of Crichton

by Taylor Shope
Staff Writer

I figured since Michael Crichton was coming that I should review one of his books, so I re-read his book *The Andromeda Strain* and wrote this review. For the uninformed few who haven't read this amazing book, it is about a classified government project called Scoop. Scoop sends up satellites into earth orbit to try to find new diseases for use as biochemical weapons. The first six satellites come back without anything, and the project is almost canceled, but Scoop 7 crashes down into a small town in Nevada named Piedmont. The virus kills everyone in the town except an elderly man and a small baby. Another project named Wildfire has been established for the purpose of researching the new diseases from the Scoop project, assuming that Scoop finds one. Wildfire consists of four of the world's foremost biochemists and one unmarried surgeon. The disease is

discovered to kill by blood coagulation and by massive brain damage. Another man dies when he flies his jet into the danger zone and all of the seals disintegrate and that crashes the plane. The plane's seals disintegrate because as the virus mutates, it grows into a state that is harmless to humans, but it will "eat" rubber seals, such as on a jet or a canning jar.

My opinion of this book is that it is a good book, although it could use a much better ending. The plotline of the book builds up to an absolutely phenomenal ending, and then just bottoms out into something akin to "and they shut down the Wildfire and Scoop installations." Otherwise, the book is very good, and I would definitely recommend it to anyone who enjoyed Crichton's visit to the school on the twenty-seventh of October. This is a great preface to his other books, like *Jurassic Park*, that deal in genetics and biochemistry.

MOVIES

Tarantino, School of Rock

by Alec McGuffey
Staff Writer

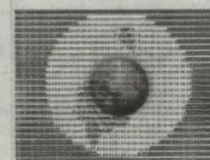
Kill Bill. Quentin Tarantino's newest film, is, to say the least, amazing. Uma Thurman plays a member of the Deadly Viper Assassination Squad (no, I'm not lying) who decides to leave the business to start a new life. She is betrayed by her fellow assassins and is left for dead on her wedding day. Several years later she wakes up with a vengeance, ready to kill (thus the name *Kill Bill*). This movie is extremely violent, and they sure do use a lot of red dye, but you stop judging this film seriously after Uma has chopped off a few hundred limbs. I can't

compare *Kill Bill* to earlier Tarantino films, but I can say that acting, cinematography, and creative names come together to make *Kill Bill* a movie that will last the test of time. **Bell Ringer Rating: 10/10**

Jack Black is a madman. His over-the-top enthusiasm makes *School of Rock* hilarious even without the kids. In this movie, Black plays an out-of-work "rocker" who substitutes in a private school to earn some money. He forms a secret band with his students and begins teaching them the ABCs of rock and roll. The kids have obviously played their instruments for a long time, but it's interesting to see how

Radiohead - *Hail to the Thief*
Capitol Records 2003

1. 2+2=5
2. Sit down. Stand up.
3. Sail to the moon.
4. Backdrifts.
5. Go to sleep.
6. Where I End and You Begin.
7. We suck Young Blood.
8. The Gloaming.
9. There there.
10. I will.
11. A Punchup at a Wedding.
12. Myxomatosis.
13. Scatterbrain.
14. A Wolf at the Door.

THE
ANDROMEDA
STRAIN
A NOVEL
MICHAEL CRICHTON

Knopf, 1969. 304 Pages.

they change after Black has had his say. In the end, everyone is happy and Jack Black forms a musical school. A good comedy with better than average acting and a happy ending. **Bell Ringer Rating: 8/10**

Uma Thurman slices through *Kill Bill*

Coming NCAAttractions

by Jack Davis
Staff Writer

Though the dude who would have been the best college player in the country skipped out on his four years of fun for the lowly Cleveland Cavaliers, and many of the NCAA's biggest stars such as Carmelo Anthony and T.J. Ford are no longer around, college basketball this season will still be infinitely more exciting than any other level (except if MBA somehow does well with only one proven starter). If I were to make NCAA tournament predictions at this point, my Elite Eight would consist of UConn, Duke, Missouri, Gonzaga, Syracuse, Florida, North Carolina, and Michigan State. UConn returns Emeka Okafor, maybe the country's best player, and Ben Gordon, another projected All-American. Duke will be unstoppable if Shelden Williams and Chris Duhon can play up to their potentials and help out J.J. Redick, Daniel Ewing, Shavlik Randolph, and Luol Deng, the top freshman in the country. Missouri's 1-2 combination of Rickey Paulding and Arthur Johnson, both of whom are seniors, will likely carry it to a title in the Big 12, the nation's toughest conference, if it can find a legitimate point guard. Gonzaga may actually have its best team yet, thanks to Blake Stepp, Cory Violette, and Ronny Turiaf (definitely keep an eye on this guy). Syracuse, despite the loss of Carmelo Anthony, should be more consistent than last season's NCAA championship team because of the maturation of Gerry McNamara and Hakim Warrick. Florida is perhaps the biggest mystery in this group. Its talent is far better than any other SEC team, but Matt Walsh and Christian Drejer must be consistent enough to help out stars David Lee and Anthony Roberson. North Carolina, despite

its 6-10 ACC record last season, should return to its past glory with super-sophs Raymond Felton, perhaps the most talented player in the country, and Rashad McCants, not to mention Jawad Williams and Sean May. Michigan State should also be awesome with Paul Davis and Kelvin Torbert, but like Missouri, MSU also needs to find a true point guard.

Those advancing to San Antonio should be Duke, UConn, Missouri, and Syracuse. Gonzaga would probably be my fifth pick if it mattered, thanks to its peskiness and tournament experience. Florida and North Carolina, despite their incredible talent, are still probably too young and inconsistent. Michigan State will have too tough a road to overcome—just look at its schedule, probably the nation's toughest. I like Duke and UConn to advance to the national championship game because of their incredible rosters, despite the experience of Missouri and Syracuse. My national champion, I hate to say, is Duke. With five awesome starters, how can they be stopped?

In terms of local basketball, Tennessee and Vanderbilt should once again be horrendous. Without Ron Slay, what is Tennessee going to do? Turn to C.J. Watson and Brandon Crump? Please. Vandy will be no better unless local products Julian Terrell and Mario Moore can give some support to Matt Freije, one of the SEC's best players. Should Vandy fail again, as I believe they will, the Kevin Stallings era may come to an end. If you're a fan of either of these two dismal teams, I suggest you do what so many of my esteemed classmates have done and suddenly become a devout fan of the NCAA's best, which happens to be Duke in '03-'04.

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SPORTS OPINION : ELIGIBILITY

CPA Unfairly Disqualified

by Curtis Lane
Sports Editor

A few weeks ago, Christ Presbyterian Academy, the defending Class 1A state champions, were forced to forfeit three of their games for using an ineligible player. The player, who was not named, transferred to CPA this August. According to CPA football Coach David Pack, the player played in a "handful" of JV basketball games last year. Because he transferred schools without a change of address, he must, under TSSAA rules, sit out any varsity sports for twelve months. Since football season is less than twelve months removed from basketball season, he was ineligible. Pack, who was a candidate for the MBA coaching job after Ricky Bowers left, found out about the violation from the CPA basketball coach, and reported it to the TSSAA.

I understand how the TSSAA works and why this rule is in place, but there has to be room for an exception. First of all, this player only played in a few JV games before going to CPA. More importantly, however, he had no real impact on the outcome of those three games. The three games he appeared in were all lopsided victories for CPA, and he was only in for a few plays. If he had made any real impact on those games, I would support the forfeiture. Nevertheless, CPA is now 5-5 and 4-3 in their division. If it were not for the forfeitures, they would be 8-2, and 7-0 in their division. Instead of finishing first in their region, they ended up finishing third, and will now have a much tougher time trying to defend their state title. In my mind, it is completely unreasonable that the whole team must suffer because of an honest mistake by the coach which really had no impact on their season. If Coach Pack had not gotten this player in for the few plays that he did, those games would not have been forfeited. He was just trying to allow as many people to play as possible, but in the end he and the players have been punished for it.

The Martha O'Bryan Center's

Toy Store and More

Toy Drive Dates: **Begins Nov. 24 2003**

Drop off locations: **See Alex Vasilescu for Details**

Toy Store and More

2003 Goal 1200 toys

The Martha O'Bryan Center helps some of Nashville's most disadvantaged families become self-reliant through work and education programs. The average net income is \$4500 with women heading 90% of the households.

"Toy Store and More" is a holiday program that provides the Martha O'Bryan families (approx. 150 families) the opportunity to purchase Christmas gifts for their children. The program works like this...each family is allowed to spend up to \$15 per child/youth. The toys they will select from are new toys that have been donated from groups or organization. They are sold at the Martha O'Bryan Center which allows for easy access to those who have no mode of transportation as well as being sold at a deeply discounted price. Families may choose to spend their money or volunteer hours toward these purchases. Volunteer hours are completed before receiving volunteer vouchers to "Toy Store and More."

The difference between "Toy Store and More" and other holiday community service projects is that Martha O'Bryan is enabling her families to become self-reliant. They are not being given anything, they are asked to use their resources to purchase their gifts. Purchasing gifts with their own money or earning the vouchers in giving of their time is allowing them to take a sense of ownership and pride in their gift giving efforts.

2003 WISH LIST

Popular Cartoon Toys (Power Puff Girls, Dragon Ball Z, Kim Possible, Dora the Explorer, SpongeBob Square Pans, Yu-Gi-Oh, X-Men, etc.)	Earrings (pierced) Hair and Fashion Jewelry for young girls	Wooden Puzzles Books (for all ages) Undergarments (through high school)	Larger Gifts
Soft Washable toys for very young children	Stuffed Toys	Magazines (Teen, Vibe, Video)	Bikes (all sizes) with Helmets and Locks
Educational toys and/or manipulative toys for all ages	Soft Washable toys for very young children	Nail Polish (all colors)	Baby Strollers (single and double)
Dolls (all races)	Male Dolls, Baby Dolls, Barbies, Prey Dolls, Cabbage Patch Dolls	Lip Gloss (all shades and flavors)	Skate Boards
Male Dolls, Baby Dolls, Barbies, Prey Dolls, Cabbage Patch Dolls	Playing cards	Make up (all shades, mostly for the darker skin tone)	Wagons
Hand Held Games	Ball (Football, basketball, etc.)	Cologne and Perfume	Scissors
Ball (Football, basketball, etc.)	Walkman	Little girls purses	Preschool riding toys
		Batteries (all sizes)	Musical toys (tape recorder with microphones, PlaySchool clock radio, etc.)
		Alarm Clocks	Room Phones/CD Players
		Watches	

*Note: Martha O'Bryan is a peaceful community. We CANNOT accept toy guns or war toys of any nature. Thank you for your kind intention.

For items given, checks should be made out to Martha O'Bryan Center
For: Toy Store and More

Annals of Photography: XC Region, MBA Life



Bracey Wilson speeds past the competition with the fashion police in hot pursuit.



Grant Thomas and Stuart Cook chill out.



They gave Marzialo (right) the t-shirt because he's just that fast; Dockery is unintimidated.



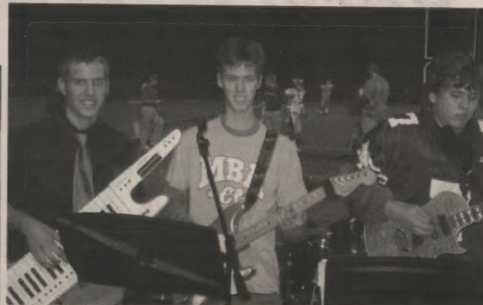
A triumph! MBA runs over perennial Football victim and Model U.N. rival MUS.



Members of the Senior Class watch the pep rally with equal measure of confusion and amusement.



The first seven signatories of a petition to have James A. Tillman declared an Official Chick Magnet.



Stealthily hidden behind other members of the band, Rob Zellew wields what is quite possibly the strangest instrument in Western civilization. Sweaty mascot Charlie Pate and guitarist Barton Sanders can only wonder.

bill brown | november 2003

FACULTY CELEBRITY DEATHMATCH

"CLASH OF THE FUNNY ACCENTS"

IN THE GREEN CORNER:

Mr. Kelly

AND A SWARM OF RABID
LEPRECHAUNS!



Mr. Morrison

IN THE VAGUELY KINDATEA-
COLOURED CORNER:

AND A SCORCHING POT OF
PRESSURIZED EARL GREY!



VS.

IN THE BLUE CORNER:

FATHER GROWL

AND HIS COMBINATION ICBM-TIME MACHINE
THAT MIGHT OR MIGHT NOT WORK!

OH THE SUSPENSE!!



"CLASH OF THE DOCTORATES"

IN THE RED CORNER:

DR.
BATTEN

AND HIS FEARSOME
SQUAD OF TRAINED
ATTACK CATS!

